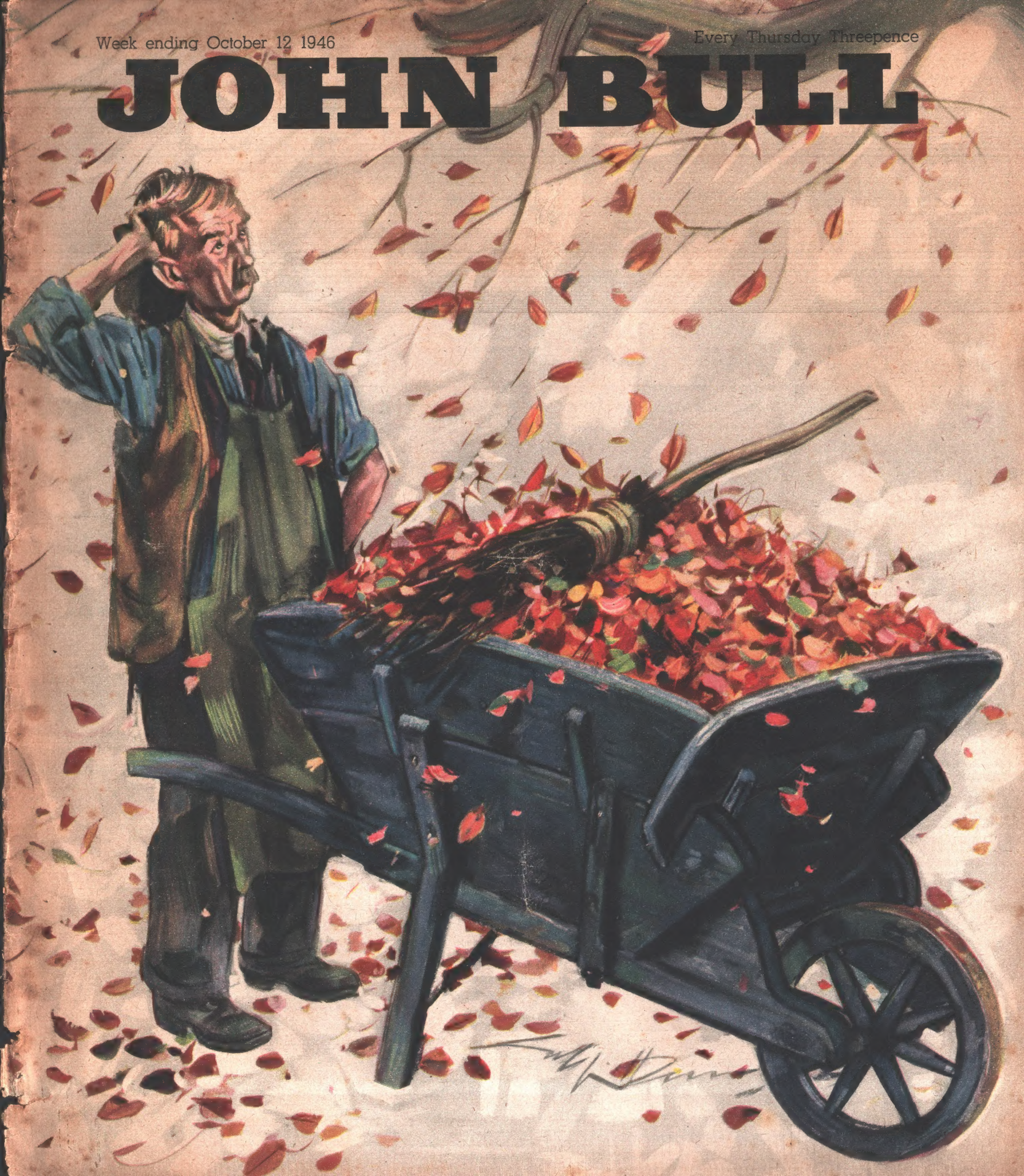
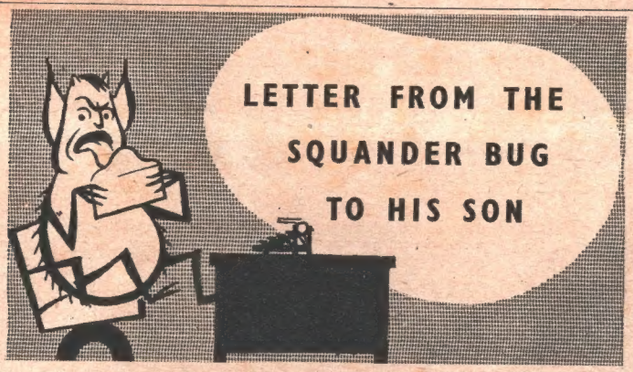
Week ending October 12 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL





Dear Fritter Bug,

Most of my work during the war was frustrated by having the spotlight of publicity turned on it. This has put me on the spot! I am recognised and kicked out wherever I go. But you are not known yet, so I wish you to carry on my work.

Your instructions are to hinder the return to prosperity. The Chancellor has challenged the people to save £520 million. Stop them! Get inside their pockets. Tempt them to fritter . . . fritter . . . fritter away the money they might have saved to enjoy!

Your affectionate father,

Squander Bug

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Do ducks enjoy indoor duckings?

It is doubtful if even the most aquatic-minded duck enjoys being housed in a leaking poultry shed! Besides, conditions of damp can cause serious ailments in poultry, reducing their value to the poultry-farmer.

The best protection against rain, hail or snow, for *all* small buildings is Pluvex Roof Felt, which is easy to lay and retains its weather-proofing for years without attention. Use Pluvex for small sheds, pig sties, poultry houses and out-houses. In rolls containing 12 yds.; 36 ins. wide. Standard weight 9/- a roll. Heavy weight 12/6 a roll.

Supplies from Builders' Merchants and Ironmongers everywhere.

PLUVEX
ROOF FELT

A product of
THE RUBEROID CO., LTD.
246 Commonwealth House,
New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

It's that beard again!

Smart men shave with—

Ever-Ready CORRUX **Blades**

They're Hollow-Ground — They Last Longer!

G. Marconi

THE **REAL** THING

Here is radio with a background of continuing progress since the days of the great inventor whose name it so proudly bears. No wonder that in expert radio circles it is known and recognised as "the REAL THING".

Keep in touch with your Dealer for details of post-war models.

MARCONI

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

The Reliable Tonic

Famous for over forty years

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women, and Children. Although production is still restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4, incl. Purchase Tax.

TESTED JB

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark

ABOVE is shown equipment necessary for pill-making. Something more is needed, however—craftsmanship, accuracy and long practice. These qualities your chemist certainly possesses. For before he can open his pharmacy, a registered chemist passes a stringent test in pill-making and other subjects to the satisfaction of the examiners of the Pharmaceutical Society. The chemist is a vital part of the country's health organization. His skill and knowledge are at your disposal and justify your confidence.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

TESTED JB

THERE'S INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT ON

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REG.

Everywhere people approve the pure refreshing goodness of COCA-COLA — for who could resist that cheerful sparkle and that uncommonly delicious flavour? When you are able again to choose your soft drink by *name*, you will be able once more to buy and enjoy COCA-COLA and rely on its unvarying excellence.

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

The registered trade marks "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" distinguish the product of The Coca-Cola Co. Ltd.

The Coca-Cola Company Ltd., Southfield Road, London, W.4

CVS-12

YOURS
AT AGE 60

£255 A YEAR
OR
£3000 IN CASH

For women the income would be slightly smaller.

You can make sure of having a choice like this at age 60 (plus guaranteed bonuses) by taking out a Pearl Pension Assurance Policy now.

In the event of your earlier death a sum of £3,000 plus accrued guaranteed bonuses would be available at once for your dependants.

Premium payments rank for income tax abatement.

PEARL
PENSION ASSURANCE

ENQUIRY FORM

1d. Stamp only if envelope unsealed

JB.79 (12-10-46)

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £.....at age 60/65*(other benefits proportionate).
Date of Birth..... *Delete age not applicable.
Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....

I know

ANGIER'S IS INVALUABLE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

"The tonic effect of Angier's Emulsion upon the bodily functions builds up resistance to coughs and colds, bronchitis, influenza, and catarrhal affections. Angier's is also a splendid soothing and strengthening remedy when a cold has already started. *I know!*"

Supplies are limited due to present restrictions.

TESTED JB

ANGIER'S *Emulsion*

Claire Elizabeth COMES FROM CORNWALL

West of Tamar there's feminine witchery and fishing villages colourful as Paris scarves.

Claire has scarves too, and washes them herself in pure white Sylvan Flakes. She's found out that Sylvan keeps all colours fresh to the very last.

Sylvan is so pure that it actually beautifies your hands. It suds up quickly into mounds of searching gentle lather, washing anything from gossamer stockings to bath towels. Yes, Sylvan has a witchery all its own.

Sylvan Flakes are now sold loose.

SYLVAN PURE WHITE **FLAKES**

best of all for dainty washing

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with **PALMOLIVE**

Mayfair

TOFFEES and CHOCOLATES *Melt in every Mouth!*

Chocolate-coated toffee, truffle, fudge, caramel, fruit flavourings and cremes . . . delicious chocolates too! All your favourites are here in the new Mayfair assortments. They're nicer, richer, better. Look for the name MAYFAIR — "it's treats ahead!"

★ *Ask for* MAYFAIR *and* VANITY FAIR ASSORTMENTS

Made by The MAYFAIR-DUNN GROUP, Sunderland.

* Plus, of course, Purchase Tax

So why rush in and buy any kind of cleaner just because you happen to see it in a shop? Why not wait for the World's Best Cleaner? The Hoover Cleaner has been in production for some time — as fast as Hoover cleaners are made they are delivered to Authorised Hoover Dealers, sound people whom you can trust. Phone or write your Hoover branch today and ask for the name of the Authorised Hoover Dealer most convenient to you.

HOOVER LTD

PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX

Britain's Best Rainwear for men, women and children

It'll be that's a BARACUTA

'BARACUTA' · BRITAIN · U.S.A. · CANADA

BARACUTA (CLOTHIERS) LTD MANCHESTER 4

Skin needs NIVEA

In the blue and white tin, 2/-

HERTS PHARMACEUTICALS LTD · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

NAILS LOOK LOVELIER

. . . *now there's*

L'Onglex

LIQUID NAIL POLISH

More L'Onglex *liquid* nail polish—the quick-drying polish—will be reaching the shops as soon as quota is increased

'V.P. —very good, Sir'

V.P. POINT BRAND *wines*

Ask for

V.P. RICH RUBY
V.P. SWEET WHITE
V.P. BRITISH SHERRY } 6/6

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

Did you MACLEAN *your teeth to-day?*

MACLEANS SOLID DENTIFRICE

In tins—one size only

Lorna in LAUNDRYLAND

Lorna is an ex-Service girl who finds her career in laundrycraft

LORNA's had her first promotion already, after only a month in a fine modern laundry. Now she's one of a team who feed the clean linen into a wonderful automatic ironer. (There's none of the drudgery of home washing about modern laundrycraft!) It's a clean pleasant job and Lorna likes it. She likes the companionship, too, and the bright, airy atmosphere. She's doing work of real importance for the nation's health—with first-class conditions and opportunities!

CAREERS IN LAUNDRYCRAFT

Good jobs await women and girls in this progressive and expanding industry. Come and see a laundry at work—your local laundry or Employment Exchange will help you. Or write to I.B.L. Advice Bureau, 16-17 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

Issued by the Institution of British Launderers Ltd

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

When you do land a tin—what a triumph! Richly fragrant, full-flavoured coffee, made right in the cup. No bother, no messy grounds; no coffee-pot to wash. Nescafé spells all the enjoyment—none of the drawbacks—of really delicious coffee. Unfortunately supplies of Nescafé do not yet keep pace with growing demand.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

16 A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

YOU CAN
STILL
CHOOSE
YOUR
BREAD
SO LET IT BE
TUROG
BROWN
BREAD

Difficulty with supplies? Then write to—
SPILLERS LTD., 40 ST. MARY AXE, E.C.3

When you're tired, eat biscuits. They'll soon restore your flagging energy. Biscuits provide nourishment without waste—no-one wastes biscuits. They *keep*, and keep you going.

BISCUITS
keep you going

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-149

Your Kingdom

Here, indeed, is something that makes the work and worry of the day worth while—the evening peace of your own fireside!

Surely Horlicks was made for people like you—people in need of special nourishment for nerves and body, the promise of new vigour for tomorrow.

Limited supplies of Horlicks are being shared out as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

We roll the cooking *out*
We keep the flavour *in*

★ The way Scott's Oats are rolled makes them double quick—quick to cook and quick to please—because they taste so good.

Scott's *porage* Oats
THE *DOUBLE QUICK* HOT BREAKFAST

When you're so fed-up you could hit someone
—what you need is to relax with a nice hot cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. There's nothing like it to soothe and comfort your nerves.

Rowntree's Cocoa—Grateful and Comforting

'CAMP'

FAMOUS FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOUR

"I bought a bright new saucepan,
And Swan Brand was its name;
Oh, that was many years ago—
That saucepan's still the same."

They're coming back in the shops again!

SWAN BRAND

BULPITT & SONS LTD., SWANSEA WORKS BIRMINGHAM I.

M.W.60

39

MELTICIPATING the return of

Melti's New Berry Fruits

Remember the wonderful Gooseberry flavour?

MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD

N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly!

CALL OFF THE NEW ARMS RACE

by THE EDITOR

A GOOD DEAL has happened in recent weeks to ease the international tension.

Peace-making has been hurried on. Influential voices have spoken wisely and soothingly—the voice of Stalin to scout the suggestion of a new war being imminent, and the voice of General Smuts, to call for "a fresh start" among the Powers.

On the surface, therefore, things are very much better, and the ordinary man, who wants another war even less than Mr. Stalin, may take some comfort from the general agreement on the blessings of peace.

But at the same time, he may be excused for wondering why the Powers who have publicly renounced war do not prove the honesty of their intentions by calling off what General Smuts has aptly called "the furious competition in new weapons."

We in this country may believe that America does not want another war, and even abhors the idea, but it is perhaps a little naive to expect Russia to share that belief while American scientists are kept busy "improving" atomic and bacteriological methods of mass extermination.

Stalin says there will be no war, and we are only too anxious to take his word for it. But it is difficult to reconcile this with the Soviet claim that Russia, too, will have the atom bomb soon, or with the many reports of rocket projectiles over Sweden.

In fact, all the big Powers, while professing peace, seem to be practising war by continuing to develop new weapons.

This may be "realistic," but it is far from encouraging. Is it too much to hope that the "fresh start" suggested by General Smuts might be achieved by calling off the new armaments race?

WHEN WILL IT END?

COME CLEAN, Mr. Shinwell, about the end of petrol rationing!

Circumstantial statements that petrol will be freed next March have several times been made and at least once officially denied.

The impression still persists strongly that the statements were justified—that next spring everybody with a motor-bike or a car will be able to buy all the petrol he wants. And, of course, that fuel restrictions on coaches, buses and hired vehicles will go, too.

The Minister of Fuel and Power should end the present uncertainty, which affects many millions of people and scores of trades.

If petrol rationing is to end, a limit should be set to it forthwith.

If it must go on indefinitely, the Minister of Fuel and Power himself should explain to the motorists and traders who are most directly affected, why they must continue to pay full taxation, insurance and other overhead expenses in return merely for a limited use of their vehicles.

A frank statement of the prospects would, too, scotch the evil rumours now circulating about a division of Cabinet opinion over petrol on political rather than economic considerations. Petrol rationing was not imposed for political reasons, and it should be discontinued as soon as the nation can afford to do without it.

WHICH COMES FIRST?

WHICH COMES FIRST—the need of one homeless family for a house quickly, or the need of millions of people over many years to come for rest in a countryside whose natural beauty is unspoilt?

This is a modern question of urgent topicality in our small, crowded island. It is brought up today by the case of Newlands Corner.

This is a Surrey beauty spot. From one hill you have a view, matchless in southern England, over another magnificent wooded hillside, broken towards its base by meadows and cornfields.

A famous view, this, which has refreshed the souls of countless town-dwellers. Here is the British landscape at its best.

But locally, of course, there is a shortage of homes. So the council wants to build twelve houses in a field in the middle of the Newlands Corner view.

There can be no doubt of the urgent need for those houses, nor of the importance of the beauty spot. Must these values clash? That will be for a Ministry of Health inquiry to decide.

But there will be other Newlands Corners. And it should be laid down that, though normally local interests must be defended, they must nevertheless bo prepared to give way in cases where the irreplaceable national heritage is threatened.

After all, there are many other Surrey fields where twelve houses could be built quickly. There is only one Newlands Corner.

FREE SPEECH ON THE AIR

THE B.B.C. HAS AT LAST given up its impossible struggle to please all the people all the time.

Daily proof of its surrender is the new Third Programme.

The Third Programme is a success because it gives people who prefer classical music, poetry, talks and so on, a straight run for their money.

And, of course, inveterate listeners to light entertainment are glad because the Third Programme helps to "take the weight off" their own more popular programmes.

In other words, the B.B.C., perhaps tired of getting angry letters about chamber music from jazz enthusiasts and vice versa, has elected to cater separately for the two main types of listener.

Nothing but good can come of this. And the Third Programme has another positive advantage. It allows lengthy speeches on matters of national or international importance to be broadcast in full without interrupting the entertainment programmes. We hope that great use will be made of this, so that British broadcasting may fully express the essential British principle of Free speech.

MORMONS AGAIN—MINUS POLYGAMY

Mormon missionaries will shortly be spreading their doctrine in Britain again. Popular stories say that Mormons keep many wives, hold blasphemous beliefs, practise strange rites. Here are the facts

by HUBERT COLE

MORE MISSIONARIES of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints are coming to this country. Just recently, sixteen of them landed from the *Queen Mary* to join the handful who are already here. Others are expected shortly.

Soon, therefore, Mormon missionaries will be preaching their doctrines throughout Britain again—for the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints is the official name of the religion which we commonly refer to as Mormonism.

These men and women from America will also prepare for the celebration in this country of a centenary of great importance in the Mormon world.

Next July, they will commemorate the successful conclusion of the thousand-mile trek on which Brigham Young led his people to escape from persecution, lynching and mass-murder and to settle in the arid, inaccessible plain that bordered the Great Salt Lake—an unknown territory frequented only by Red Indians and a few frontier scouts.

One hundred years ago last February, Brigham Young led the first contingent of Mormons out of Nauvoo, the town they had built in Illinois less than seven years before, across the ice of the frozen Mississippi, heading westwards. Behind them, the mobs who had already burned the Mormons' farms and stolen their animals, were planning to enter the town and destroy the Mormon Temple.

More than twelve thousand Mormons followed the trail which led to "the Place" foretold by Brigham Young, but of whose exact location neither he nor they knew. They were men, women and children, in wagons, on horseback and on foot.

In July, the following year, the advance party rode down a canyon of the Western Rocky Mountains and out on to the spot where Salt Lake City now stands. Around them were glacier-tipped mountains on which nothing but scrub would grow. Beneath their feet was a parched soil.

Today, Salt Lake City is the capital of the State of Utah, which has a population of 500,000 and an area approximately equal to that of England, Scotland and Wales. It is the centre of the Mormon religion.

What Are They?

And what exactly are the Mormons?

If your ideas of them are anything like mine were before I began to make inquiries, they will run much on these lines: The Mormons are a sinister society who practise polygamy in the secret fastness of Salt Lake City. Brigham Young, their most famous, or infamous figure, was a man with a severe appearance, a lot of wives, and a spiritual affinity with Bluebeard.

I collected those ideas from popular newspapers, books such as *Riders of the Purple Sage* and *A Study in Scarlet*, and music-hall jokes. I had the impression that for an innocent girl to go to Salt Lake City was only one degree better than taking a one-way white-slave ticket to Buenos Aires.

Perhaps I did not entirely believe all this, but I assured myself that there is no smoke without fire.

These are the facts:

Plural marriage has been banned among the Mormons for over fifty years. In 1896 the constitution of the newly-created State of Utah banned polygamy "now and forever." An obscure sect calling themselves Fundamentalists, and not members of the Mormon Church, did try to revive polygamy in Utah a few years ago, and were promptly clapped in jail.

It is true that polygamy was practised by the Mormons in their early days. It was preached by the Prophet Joseph Smith as having Biblical authority and as a religious duty, in order to provide more opportunity of earthly existence for the unborn spirits. (Mormons believe that we have an individual existence before birth as well as after death.)

It is obvious that anybody not an optimistic sexual maniac would not lightly undertake the task of keeping more than one wife happy. And, in fact, the vast majority of Mormons did not have the moral stamina to enter into plural marriage.

At no time did more than four per cent of the Mormons practise polygamy. It is indeed probable that the figure never went higher than two per cent.

It was Smith who founded the Mormon religion. He claimed that, at varying times between 1823 and 1827, he was visited by "the Angel Moroni," who came as a messenger of God to reveal to him the Book of Mormon—a set of engraved plates which he eventually recovered from their hiding place in a rural district of New York State, and translated into English.

This Book of Mormon recorded the physical and spiritual adventures of the family of Lehi, who, they believe, left Jerusalem about 600 B.C., journeyed to America, and kept records until about A.D. 420. Mormon was one of their later leaders, and Moroni his son.

Brigham Young, fifth direct descendant of the early Mormon leader, photographed when he visited England before the war

The Book of Mormon is accepted by the Mormons as equally valid with the authorized version of the Bible, which is the basis of their faith. Their other religious books include the *Doctrines and Covenants*, drawn up by the early leaders of the Church, and *The Pearl of Great Price*, a collection of inscriptions taken from Egyptian mummies which they believe to have been compiled by Moses.

Joseph Smith first preached his religion in 1830. He immediately met opposition which, with the growth of his following, increased in violence. The Mormons did not wish to substitute the Book of Mormon for the Bible, but they did claim that it provided additional chapters of equal validity. This brought accusations of blasphemy upon them from orthodox Christians.

The three articles of their faith which caused the trouble were the seventh, eighth and ninth, which are:

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God."

Target for Hooligans

Also among their Articles of Faith was: "We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may." Their neighbours did not subscribe to this belief, and the public outcry made the Mormons a fine target for hooligans. This was before the Mormons had begun to preach polygamy.

They were hunted from State to State, unable to find any refuge where they could live unmolested. Joseph Smith was at various times tarred and feathered, had nitric acid poured into his mouth, and was finally imprisoned and murdered by a mob in 1844.

Brigham Young, a Methodist of mixed Scottish and Irish descent, who had been converted to Mormonism in 1832, took over the leadership of the movement, was elected president of the Church in 1847, and held that office until his death thirty years later. He did not have an easy time. Even after the great exodus to the remote new settlement at Salt Lake, the Mormons still found that many undesirables were coming among them, following the route to the gold mines of California.

These newcomers opened saloons in defiance of the Mormon ban on alcohol, tobacco and even such drinks as tea and coffee, which they consider to contain injurious drugs (even today their magazines publish warnings alleging that the "cola" soft drinks contain caffeine). When the Mormons protested, the newcomers answered with a campaign of vilification.

In 1850 the United States Government agreed to admit the territory of Utah into the Union, with Brigham Young as its first governor. But officials

The first Brigham Young took over leadership of the Mormons in 1844 and led them on the great exodus to Salt Lake. Polygamy was allowed in those days; some of Brigham Young's twenty-seven wives are shown here

and more emigrants from the East caused further trouble. Acting on their false reports, a detachment of the United States Army was sent to suppress an alleged Mormon "rebellion."

The Mormons constantly affirmed their allegiance to the Government of the United States; but their years of persecution and misrepresentation had bred in them an inevitable distrust of outsiders, and a desire to keep themselves apart. In particular, they forbade the entry of non-Mormons into their Temple (and even Mormons themselves had to undergo searching inquiry into their beliefs and the purity of their lives before they were allowed to frequent it).

The Mormons never attempted to exclude men of good will from their territories, and the State of Utah today has a population which is fifty per cent non-Mormon; but with their unusual beliefs and their misunderstandings with their own government, it is easy to see how rumours were spread abroad that they had built themselves a secret stronghold in which they practised strange and blasphemous rites.

The Mormon Temple is a descendant of the old Jewish Temple. Each Mormon community has its own chapel in which services are conducted, but there are only eight Mormon Temples in the world—four in Utah, two in other States of America, one in the Hawaiian Islands and one in Canada.

In these Temples are conducted the most sacred of the Mormon ceremonies: the baptism for the dead, the celestial marriages, and the "sealing" rites.

A Mormon may be baptized not only for himself (after he has reached the "accountable" age of eight), but also for dead relatives or friends. The baptism is by total immersion in a huge font holding hundreds of gallons of water. The names of the dead persons baptized by proxy are read aloud.

The celestial marriage, another ceremony which can be performed only in the Temple, binds the man and wife not only for this life but also for the hereafter. Many Mormons from this country have made the journey to Salt Lake City so that their marriages, which have been contracted in their local Mormon chapel and are therefore binding only until death, shall be reinforced by a celestial marriage in the Temple.

Similarly, by another "sealing" ceremony, parents may bind their children to them so that the family will retain its common ties after death.

Of the one million Mormons in the world, a quarter live in the State of Utah and a large proportion of the remainder in other western States of the U.S.A. Since the Mormons believe that the heavenly kingdom on earth will be built upon the American continent, their converts in countries overseas migrate to America whenever possible.

Mormons in Great Britain

There are approximately 6,000 Mormons in Great Britain, and about 30,000 in the rest of Europe. Mormon missions are sent all over the world, the missionaries regarding their work as a religious duty and receiving no pay. The rate of conversion to Mormonism is not great, though Mormon soldiers made some progress during their service overseas. (It is estimated that over five thousand Mormons were killed on active service.)

The Mormon way of life is devout but not depressing. Since they have long been persecuted and are still largely misunderstood, there is no point in being a Mormon unless you really believe in the religion. Hence their sincerity and the amazingly high figure of eighty per cent active, churchgoing members.

Sunday is kept as a day apart. After Sunday-school in the morning, attended by the adults as well as the children, comes the visiting of friends and relations on Sunday afternoon, followed by a Communion service in the evening.

On weekdays, much of the entertainment centres round the chapel, for just as the Temple in Salt Lake City has its tabernacle built beside it for music and meetings, so each chapel has an entertainment hall attached, in which dancing, film shows, and various entertainments take place.

The Mormon choir is famous in America and broadcasts weekly from the tabernacle; and music has played a great part in the community since Brigham Young first led his people out of Nauvoo with two bands playing. The church also organizes literary circles, working parties, scouting and sporting interests for the younger people.

Help and Communal Work

All Mormons pay one tenth of their earnings to church funds; and all are liable to be called upon to give help in communal work for the benefit of the church and other members.

The Mormons do not believe in any system of "dole," but have excellent organizations for aiding men in distress by setting them up as smallholders or by providing them with work on the farms which are owned by the Church and normally kept going by voluntary labour.

The Church itself is governed by elected bodies headed by a presidency of three. The only hereditary priestly figure is the Patriarch, a descendant of the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith, but he does not exercise great authority.

Because of the attacks which have been made on them ever since their foundation, the Mormons now refer to themselves as the Latter Day Saints.

I think this a pity. I am not a Mormon and cannot accept their beliefs; but I have considerable respect for their fortitude in the face of continued persecution; their decent way of life, and the determination which has enabled them to transform an arid land into one of the most progressive and beautiful States of America.

When, on July 24 next year, they dedicate their great new monument on the bluff overlooking Salt Lake City—the monument marking the spot where Brigham Young said: "This is the Place"—I hope they will do so in the old, despised name of the Mormons.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

telegrams

MANY PEOPLE STILL REGARD the arrival of a telegram with apprehension, but a post office census has shown that less than one in a hundred contains bad news. More than three per cent bring congratulations; over five per cent concern betting.

★ ★ ★

Broadly speaking, sixty per cent of telegrams are business messages, the rest social. Heaviest volume of the former comes from the fish trade. Manchester being an important distributing centre for fish, a flood of telegrams reaches there from Grimsby, Fleetwood and Aberdeen. At peak periods, 4,000 are dealt with in an hour.

★ ★ ★

Post office officials, including delivery boys, are required to give an undertaking not to divulge the contents of telegrams. Anyone breaking this agreement is liable to imprisonment.

★ ★ ★

Greetings telegrams, still suspended on economy grounds, were introduced in 1935. Nearly 25,000 were sent in the first week; fifty-seven per cent brought birthday greetings, ten per cent good wishes for weddings. A special form was introduced for St. Valentine's Day in 1936, and 50,000 of these were sent. One, a long effusion, ended:

"And now I've asked you to be mine.
By gosh, it's cost me eight and nine!"

★ ★ ★

From the post office where they are handed in, telegrams are sent to the transmitting office by underground pneumatic tube (sometimes two and a half miles long), telephone or teleprinter; 200,000 inland telegrams are dispatched in London daily. Teleprinters—"long distance typewriters"—were introduced from America in 1922 and are now used for transmitting almost all inland telegrams.

★ ★ ★

Overseas messages are sent by electric cable or by wireless. The first electric cable between Britain and France was laid in 1851. A few months later it caught in the trawl of a French fishing vessel. The crew hauled the cable to the surface, hacked a length off and exhibited it in Boulogne as a rare seaweed, whose centre was filled with gold.

★ ★ ★

To keep the expedition in direct touch with General Eisenhower's headquarters in England, post office cable ships followed the B.L.A. across to France on D-Day + 2. Two of the ships, *Monarch* and *Ariel*, were sunk with loss of life.

★ ★ ★

Lifting of the security silence about names of bombed cities gave the telegraph staffs a lot of extra work. On the day after the B.B.C. announced that Bath had been bombed, in 1942, the daily total of telegrams delivered there rose from the normal 500 to 16,250.

★ ★ ★

Not till 1910, when Dr. Crippen, the murderer, was caught on his way to Canada, through the master of the ship sending a radio message home, did the public fully realize the possibilities of wireless telegraphy. Actually, wireless communications with shipping had been established immediately after Marconi's invention in 1896.

★ ★ ★

The G.P.O.'s radio station at Rugby occupies 900 acres. The twelve steel lattice masts for long-wave transmission are each five times as high as the Nelson monument in London. Each mast can withstand a wind velocity of 140 miles per hour.

★ ★ ★

The human element in teleprinting causes occasional errors in transmission. Far more are brought about by the sender's bad handwriting or indistinct speech when telephoning a message.

★ ★ ★

A British soldier in Brussels was expecting to hear of an addition to his family. His wife and he had agreed that, if a girl, the baby was to be called Christine. The telegram told him: "*Fifteen* have arrived."

PRIVATE VIEW OF IRVING BERLIN

MELODY MAN

"I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THAT BUNK connected with inspiration!"

Irving Berlin—parent of over 800 songs; Irving Berlin—whose melodies have influenced the character of the age, seeping into a billion hearts, bringing sentiment, nostalgia, comedy, tears; this Irving Berlin doesn't believe in inspiration, walks deliberately under ladders, spills salt deliberately, won't serenade his muse but spits in her eye!

There were days when he, in his worship of George M. Cohan, emulated that song writer's eccentricities and composed only in the stillness of early hours, by candlelight, a tinkling oasis in a desert of silence.

But the Berlin of today is a practical man of fifty-eight, whose craft is run with business efficiency in an organization tied up with a whole gamut of rights—publishing, performing, radio, movies, television and what-not.

It is big business and Berlin, instead of selling his tunes to British publishers, has begun to publish his own songs in England. He comes over frequently to tour Britain, boosting sales; to flip over to Paris for the weekend and return again to his suite in Claridge's. He is a familiar figure there—dapper, dark, slight, alert, without wristwatch, rings or gold identity bracelet, with nothing at all to declare him an American save an unaffected New York accent.

BERLIN was born in Russia and when he was only five his parents emigrated to America, where they settled in New York's East Side. His father died when he was eight, and Berlin's early life was spent in great poverty, amidst the pushcarts and squalor of the Bowery. His education was of the slightest.

His first job was leading a mendicant named Blind Sol through Bowery dives. Sol played the fiddle and Berlin sang. Next, he became a singing waiter at Nigger Mike Salter's saloon in New York's Chinatown, and it was with Nigger Mike that he wrote his first song, "Marie from Sunny Italy," the total royalties of which brought him thirty-three cents. He was nineteen then.

He joined the Seminary Music Company as a song plugger and writer, published odd tunes and four years later wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which shot him up to the front rank of the Tin Pan Alley fraternity.

He was a celebrity at twenty-four when he married his first wife, Dorothy Goetz. She died six months later of typhoid contracted on their honeymoon.

He plunged into work, wrote the score for the *Ziegfeld Follies*, a series of Broadway hits and, when the United States entered the first World War, produced army shows in the rank of sergeant.

In the twenty years of peace that followed, Berlin went from success to success. When the talkies made the world one great audience for musicals, his popularity became international. He wrote sixteen shows and ten Hollywood super-films.

HIS charity, like his genius, is prodigious, but as a song-writer Berlin is a curious phenomenon, not being able to read the stuff he writes. For thirty-eight years he has published music but he has never yet had the thrill of being able to read it.

This causes him no great regret. He is not a man of great literacy. In fact, the written word or note can be embarrassing. He avoids books, writes ponderously only when he has to, and, rather than look up a number in the telephone directory, will ring his secretary for her to get it.

With the same unconscious fear of books he abhors that great stand-by of the lyric writer—the rhyming dictionary. The tune may come but the words are agony. He won't scribble or doodle, but walks and walks, wading through a torrent of hackneyed melodies and tired sentiment in search of a new way of telling the old, old story. When he has it, Berlin still won't write. He dictates, or rather he sings the verses.

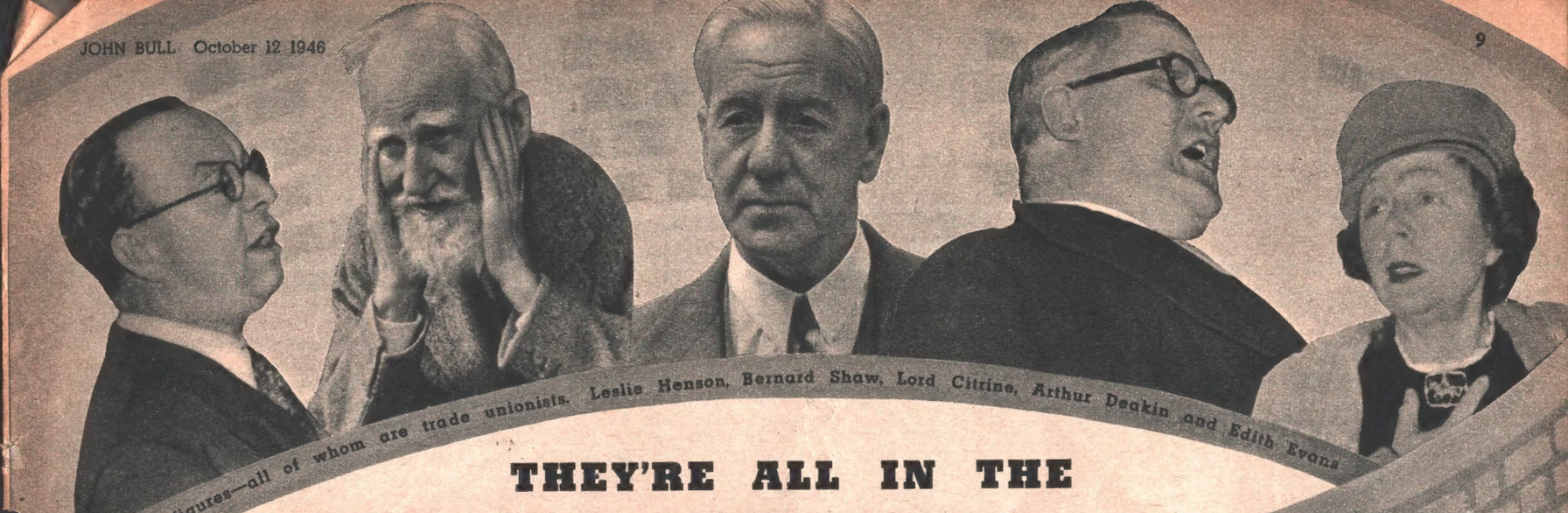
The birth of a Berlin "natural" hit is a varied, tedious and agonizing labour. He is handicapped by his limitation in piano playing. He can compose only in one key, F sharp, so his pianos—there are several at various points in New York and Hollywood—all have a transpose lever by which he can adjust his playing to any key and still use only the notes he knows.

LIKE many addicts, he detests his work and is happiest when engaged in producing, performing and singing in a show. For months he won't write a thing. Then a producer with a line of sales talk will give him an idea, produce a contract with dramatic efficiency and Berlin, still dazed, will scratch his signature over the space indicated.

Actual composition is accompanied by a prodigious consumption of chewing-gum and cigarettes. There are moments of hysteria, pounding on *Buick*, his old piano, and blasting her, and for three months he will work and suffer.

After his commitments are fulfilled, Berlin will take a trip or go off to his family at their spacious estate in the Catskills. His second wife is Ellin, née Mackay, whom he married in 1926, and there are three daughters, Mary Ellin, Linda and Elizabeth Irving.

Friends chaff Berlin about his singing, particularly for his own performance of his old number, "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" when he toured with *This is the Army*. Warner Brothers, trying to capture some of the ingredients of its success, made him sing it again for the film version. Well, the filming was preceded by a run-through of a previous recorded version, and while this was going on an electrician remarked, "Gee, if the guy who wrote that song could hear that fellow sing it he'd turn over in his grave!"



Famous figures—all of whom are trade unionists. Leslie Henson, Bernard Shaw, Lord Citrine, Arthur Deakin and Edith Evans

THEY'RE ALL IN THE "CLOSED SHOP"

Even professional people benefit from the "closed shop." It's a symptom of full trade union partnership in Britain's rebirth

says HANNEN SWAFFER

SYBIL THORNDIKE, LESLIE HENSON and Edith Evans, members of British Actors Equity, all work in a closed shop — the London theatre. So do all the other stars. Otherwise, they could not act in the metropolis. They would not be allowed, as union members, to act with non-unionists, even if they wished to do so.

Actors Equity is part of the London Theatre Council, a body formed by the Ministry of Labour and consisting half of actors and actresses and half of managers, with Lord Esher as an independent chairman. This, a council which is a model for all the world, has in a few years cleaned up all the scandals that, quite recently, shamed the London stage.

Companies often "dried up" without paying their players. Chorus girls were sweated. There was no security. An actor could rehearse for weeks without pay, only to find that the play ended in a week. Sometimes, unfortunate actresses waited about for days for salaries they never got!

Because of Actors Equity and because of the way that the decent managers lined up, no London theatrical company has defaulted since 1940.

Soon, although a standard contract for them is more difficult to fix than was the London one, the provincial theatres also will be a closed shop. The work of splendid people like Godfrey Tearle, Lewis Casson and scores of other stars who toiled endlessly for their less fortunate brothers and sisters will have borne full fruit.

Both Actors Equity and my own union, the National Union of Journalists, belong to the Trades Union Congress, just as though their members were miners, engine drivers or farm workers.

Bernard Shaw is a member of my union. So was H. G. Wells. They joined as a duty to their fellow writers.

Majority Wanted It

Why, then, is there all this fuss about the closed shop?

An office or a factory only becomes a closed shop when a majority of the union members decide to make it one. It is a decision arrived at by democratic means. Is it wrong that the majority should not have the power of decision?

There are 20,000,000 men and women "gainfully employed" in British industry. Of these, 8,000,000 belong to trade unions—6,500,000 to the 191 unions affiliated to the T.U.C. and the rest to the 946 unions and associations, mostly small and sectional, which stay outside.

About 20,000 belong to unions that have broken away from larger ones. Some have done so because of the obstinacy or vanity of their leaders, or because they were job seekers. Others have members who, lacking the team spirit, resent discipline, or have become impatient. Some of these small unions have become such a nuisance that the members of the larger ones in the same industry now refuse to work with them unless they join the bigger body.

It is because of a minority that there is post-war labour trouble. Too impatient to negotiate, their leaders foment trouble and start unofficial strikes which may paralyse, before long, an entire industry.

So food is held up or transport becomes difficult—and the whole trade union movement is blamed. Often nothing is brought about but misery and suffering.

Need for Strong Unions

Lord Citrine who, starting life as an electrician, became one of the wisest industrial advisers in the world, recently urged the need for strong unions, capably led, on the one hand, and responsible and wise associations of employers, on the other. Only they could negotiate fair agreements, he said, and then see that they were kept.

Without the T.U.C., mind you, there would be industrial chaos. Some of its leaders rank almost as statesmen. They have spread among their members a high sense of duty.

"The fight for bread-and-butter wages is over," Arthur Deakin told me, the other day. He is now general secretary of the Transport Workers Union (which has over 1,000,000 members) in succession to Ernest Bevin. "We now seek to be full partners in industry."

The change that trade unionism has brought about is typified in the career of Deakin himself. Forty years ago, when he was sixteen, he slaved in a steel works in Merthyr, in Keir Hardie's days. In order to earn £1 a week — his lodgings cost 12s. 6d.—he had to do so much overtime that he worked on from Monday morning till Tuesday night, snatching an hour's rest in a wheelbarrow. After a night's sleep, he toiled from Wednesday morning till Thursday night, and then, after a night in bed, slaved from Friday morning till Saturday midday!

Comparatively—but only because of the efforts of their unions—the lot of the workers, today, is an earthly paradise!

"Yes, the fight for the end of conditions such as that is over," said Deakin. "And, particularly in the case of the chemical trades, the iron and steel industry, passenger transport and mining, we have obtained better national agreements by united action than could have been obtained locally by small unions.

Scrapping Old Ideas

"Today, the T.U.C. accepts its full responsibility as partner in our country's effort to restore and to rebuild. We realize the necessity for helping to increase output by insisting on the efficiency of industry and the scrapping of old-fashioned methods. In this, our advice must be used if it is to be done wisely.

"We know of the pressing need for trade unions to help in filling up the market where there is a shortage, and in increasing our exports. We know, too, that we can make a valuable contribution because our experience is based on practical knowledge.

"The trade unions must now shape a policy to meet the changed conditions which will be brought about by socialization and to see that human standards are not only maintained, but improved."

the miracle of the gr

Those tall pylons bestriding the countryside are only the outward signs of "the grid." Here's the fascinating "inside story" of our national electricity supply system—safeguard against local breakdowns and blueprint for nationalization

DEEP BENEATH LONDON'S NEWGATE STREET, just 185 steps down, lies one of the most important electricity points in the whole world.

Out of the thousands who use this busy City street probably not half a dozen know that in the lift shaft of the former Post Office tube station is situated the control room of this country's entire electricity supply.

In a brilliantly-lit, spotless, soundless room sits a controller who, during his turn of duty, directs the whole flow of electricity along Britain's vast grid network.

For a few hours, one man has his finger on the very pulse of Great Britain. The information he receives on what the country is doing at work, at play, in the factory or by the fireside, is uncanny in its scope and accuracy.

Should a huge thundercloud pass over Britain, the progress of the storm—marked by a jump in electricity consumption as millions of householders switch on the lights—is followed from the control room.

Should a new factory start work in a remote part of Wales, the very moment the wheels start turning is recorded in this underground post.

Should Tommy Handley present a new *Itma* show, the control room knows when he's on the air by the rise in power consumed as the nation's radio sets are turned on.

Even the nation's time is partly controlled here, for according to the total amount of electrical activity throughout the country, electric clocks may be running a matter of seconds faster or slower. And the man at the control point, checking with Greenwich Mean Time, knows precisely when every electric clock in the country may be running two or three seconds fast or slow.

This then is a measure of the way the Central Electricity Board balances the flow of power through the grid system.

Pooling of Power

Now what is this system and how did it originate?

To the layman, "the grid" probably brings a picture of vast pylons striding over the countryside—much to the annoyance of elderly gentlemen who still write letters complaining that they spoil the scenery.

Actually the grid system is a logical development of the growth of electrical power which ensures a pooling of power, an allocation of power where it is needed most—and a safeguard against any regional breakdown paralysing any particular part of the country.

Economically, it is something more than that. It is an outstanding example of a successful compromise between nationalization and private enterprise. And now that electricity is scheduled for full nationalization, the grid system provides a ready-made working blueprint.

The visible part of the grid is a network of channels and switchboards by which our entire electricity supply is co-ordinated, interplayed and distributed. More than 3,600 miles of high-voltage lines and more than 1,500 miles of lower-voltage lines cover the country.

Two considerations influenced the men who planned where the grid should spread. First they had to find out where the most efficient generating stations were situated. Second, they had to pay attention to areas containing the most important industries.

Obviously the grid had to provide power for North-East England (ship-building); for North-West England (textiles, iron and steel); for the great chemical works of Cheshire, the potteries and motor manufacturing plants of central England; the coal mines and iron and steel works of South Wales. They had to consider the great ports, the ship-building yards of Scotland, the light industries of South-East England.

Above all, the builders and administrators of the grid system had to bring some order to the chaotic condition in which they found the electricity supply of this country.

During the first World War no fewer than 460 separate authorities were producing haphazard supplies of electricity at varying frequencies. So serious was the problem as it affected the setting up of war factories that three governmental committees tried to tackle it.

Victorian Chaos

They worked heroically to make some sense out of this jumble of Victorian private enterprise.

But despite all their efforts, even in 1921 in the Greater London area alone, there were eighty supply authorities, seventy generating stations, fifty different systems of supply, twenty-four voltages and ten frequencies.

This could not be tolerated. Quite apart from the chaos it caused to domestic users who seldom knew what type of appliances to order should they move from place to place, there was no co-ordination of supply throughout the country, no guarantee that should there be a failure of power in one area, emergency supplies could be transmitted from another. So the grid was born.

It has been estimated that the construction of the grid entailed about 240 million man-hours of work. Which is to say the amount of work that could be done by 20,000 men in full employment for five years.

Nothing like it had ever been made in Britain before. Rivers had to be crossed. Private land had to be traversed. Engineering problems of a new type had to be solved.

As an example of the technical triumphs of the men who built the grid we can today look at the spot where it crosses the Thames near Woolwich. Here the pylons—or "towers" as the grid-men call them—are 487 feet high and they carry the 132,000-volt lines over a span of 3,000 feet.

A flood of furious protests poured in from country-lovers who complained that the grid would ruin the charms of rural England.

Unimaginative farmers, fearful of the new-fangled monster that was striding over their fields, tried to object. Some veteran employees of the grid still speak of the occasional farmer who tried to hold them up with a shot-gun.

But the Central Electricity Board had far-reaching powers. And in fairness to the landowners it must be said that out of 22,000 landlords and tenants with whom negotiations had to be made, the Board were compelled to use its compulsory powers in only two and a half per cent of the cases.

Today, having come into being during the years of depression between the two wars, the grid functions in areas centred in Glasgow, Newcastle, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham and London.

It is administered by the Central Electricity Board. Now this Board does not itself make the electricity. It acts rather as a wholesale agent, buying the entire output of the 141 generating stations in this country, and selling it again without profit to more than 500 distributing undertakings who supply it to the public.

The Board buys at the most economical price and since it is the only purchaser, it can control production so that the most efficient stations do most work and the less efficient stations only come in where the demand reaches a peak.

Frequencies were standardized so that the grid might serve every undertaking.

How well the huge scheme has succeeded is best illustrated in this comparison:

MARCH 1926.

483 Generating Stations, locally or privately owned, producing 6,699 million units.

DECEMBER, 1943.

181 Generating Stations, working with the grid system under the Board producing 35,955 million units.

There are obviously additional advantages under the grid scheme. Spare plant has been standardized, made interchangeable and centralized.

So the whole gigantic network finds its control point beneath the pavements of a London street.

There, a few steps above the national control room, you can find the switching room which covers London, East Anglia, the South-East and lower Midlands.

Curved walls of a disused lift shaft—as you've probably guessed this underground movement was the result of the blitz—are covered with a mosaic on which is plotted the whole area system. The controller, at his desk, knows when additional electricity is wanted. He passes the information to national control a few feet below.

Mapping Out Supplies

The man in the switch room is the first to see that a popular radio item, cooking of Sunday dinners, bad weather, is stepping up demand for electricity in his own district. It is his duty to provide for them according to his own local resources—and to draw on the national electricity supply.

By now you will have seen that the national controller is key-man in the working of the whole grid scheme.

Ask him how he regards his job and he will probably tell you something like this:

"Imagine a convoy of seven ships sailing along, connected by cables which must be kept taut. I am sitting in the control ship. I have to keep the cables taut—and information is constantly sent to me indicating how the ships are progressing. From the control ship I advise this ship or that ship to slack off a little or put on more speed. I cannot ask any one ship to overdo its capacity. I must maintain a smooth and efficient balance of power and effort."

This expresses succinctly what happens at the very heart of our national electricity supply.

Every four hours, the controllers of the seven areas of the grid send to the London underground central control forecasts of the load of electricity the outlying areas are likely to consume. The national controller informs each area whether it is to export or import the power which is surging along the 5,000 miles of grid lines.

He plots the rising curve of demand and, as

by JAMES MARCH

he will tell you, "we chase the load curves all over the place."

It was almost a providential fact that the grid system was completed before the last war broke out. Because the Luftwaffe, equipped—as it has since been established—with alarmingly accurate intelligence, was naturally all out to paralyse our electricity system. But the grid was too big for Goering. Enemy action never succeeded in affecting more than two per cent of the total capacity.

Today, the grid is playing an essential part in Britain's trade drive.

In his underground room, the national controller on duty has noticed how the load is moving back to the traditional industrial regions and to the south of England. It is his job to deal with an overload by "shedding," which means imposing a cut on power stations as soon as he sees that the generating machinery has reached the danger point.

Quite often, this winter, you may dislike him intensely as he delays your dinner, or stops your train or electric clock. But it isn't his fault if we sometimes use more electricity—as a nation—than our present power stations can produce. And without the controller, keeping a watchful eye on output and consumption, the whole system would break down.

And now the grid, evolved out of chaos and the muddle of conflicting private organizations, faces its ultimate phase: nationalization.

When the nationalization of electricity comes about, the men whose duty it is to see the transition through may well have cause to thank the pioneers whose vision brought about the Central Electricity Board and the grid.

Because here is an instance of nationalization anticipated, a glimpse of the day when the claims of private enterprise and the needs of the people can all be merged in a smooth-working organization which uses the best brains in the land for the good of the whole community.

In this well-lit room below ground, the grid controller plots heavy loading due to storms, cold or production output. He issues his orders to "national control" nearby. Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, was "sightseeing" here when the first of the recent electricity cuts caused by overloading was ordered

As I was saying ★

by HERBERT HODGE

A thoughtful study of Herbert Hodge. It is printed at the request of the many readers who enjoy his good-humoured feature each week

ARM-CHAIR CRITICS SHOULD GET TOGETHER

It's no good sitting back and grumbling about life, says John Bull's friendly philosopher. We should discuss its problems together, and find the answers

NOW THAT OUR elected representatives are back at work again in Westminster, I suppose we shall be once more settling the country's problems for them—in the workshop, the coffee-shop and the pub. This is the time of year, too, when most of the little local "discussion groups" begin their regular meetings.

Superior persons may sneer at our "four-ale bar" politicians and their like, but I believe the whole future of the nation is finally decided in our little local meeting places. It's what the majority of ordinary men and women think that, in the long run, rules the world.

You can pass all the laws you like, frame all the policies you will, but they remain little more than marks on paper unless the majority of men and women feel that those laws are worth keeping and those policies worth carrying out.

That's why I'm so much in favour of all these little local meetings.

The properly organized discussion group is perhaps the best type of all. But I've never been able to understand how the well-meaning organizers of some of these groups can say: "Religion and politics barred." You may discuss anything else. They only bar just those two things. But, for my part, I can't see how you can discuss anything at all without religion and politics entering into it somewhere.

Sport, for instance—that extremely innocuous subject for discussion — immediately brings in religion and politics, if it's only by way of asking whether people should play football on a Sunday, or whether workers should take time off to attend professional matches on a weekday.

Even the sight of a dead leaf, lying in the gutter, leads you on to wonder who, or what, gave it life —or whether the party in power on the local council is keeping the streets as clean as it should.

The fact is that religion and politics, concerned, as they are, with the whole purpose of life, the origins, ends and aims of life, enter into almost all our thoughts and actions.

Mind you, I'm all in favour of our local discussion groups being "non-political" and "non-religious"—in the sense that they are tied to no particular party or creed. Their value lies precisely in the fact that men and women of all opinions, or no opinion, can get together and discuss their different points of disagreement—and so, perhaps, work out a common basis of agreement.

I remember once, in my teens, going to an old and wise great-uncle of mine, and asking his advice on my religious and political difficulties. He said: "The thing for you to do, my boy, is to find out what you believe, and then stick to it."

It was very good advice but, like much good advice, it wasn't easy to follow.

I don't know which was the harder—finding out what I believed or trying to stick to it afterwards.

The most annoying thing about it has been the number of years it has taken me to find out what I believe. For most of my life I've found it very difficult to believe very strongly in anything.

My only consolation is that I haven't been alone in that. I'm always meeting people who don't particularly believe in anything. It's characteristic of our uncomfortable age.

These last thirty years have been so chaotic that nothing seems to have stayed still long enough to give us a chance to believe in anything. The impregnable fortress of yesterday has seemed forever fated to be the bombed-out ruin of tomorrow—both in war and peace.

But the war itself did awaken most of us to our urgent need of something to believe in. And I think there's a clear connection between war-time growth of discussion groups (both in the Services and among civilians) and the voting into power of a Labour Government.

Whether or not there is any connection, one thing's certain. These talks, whether deliberately organized or simply chance gatherings in the canteen or the pub, do help us in the first part of our problem—finding out what we really believe.

We get down to the roots of the matter in our little local gatherings—free from the slogans of the politicians, the creeds of the religious sects, and the "inspired" pronouncements of professional propagandists of all sorts. We discuss life as we see it and live it.

The farm worker and the bricklayer, the clerk and the engineer, the shopkeeper and the housewife discuss the universal problems of mankind in the simple terms of their own daily lives; their own individual experiences.

I happen to have done a fair amount of reading among the philosophers, political and religious writers, and the preachers generally. But while this kind of reading is a great help, it doesn't always give you the living root of the matter. You can sometimes get nearer to the root of your problem by talking it over with someone who doesn't open a book once in a twelvemonth—someone who has reasoned the matter out solely from his own observation of the life around him.

I suppose that some readers who have got this far will now be rewarding me with a tolerant smile. I am imagining that smile because I've met it so often when I've praised these discussion groups to friends and acquaintances who never dream of going to one.

Discussion groups are all right, they admit, for people who like to hear themselves talk — a pleasant, harmless pastime. But what real use are they? What do they *do?*

Well, of course, that's the whole point. What *do* they do?

In my opinion, they do a great deal—or, rather, they are the direct cause of a great deal being done.

The first and obvious use of discussing, say, world politics in relation to my own and my neighbour's daily life, is that it helps us both to vote intelligently at election time. We get a fairly clear idea of how the result of that voting will affect *us*.

But that's only the beginning of it. That cross on the ballot paper (in my own case, alongside the name of the Socialist candidate) merely indicates my desire to live in a Socialist society.

Talking over Socialism in my local discussion group—in relation to our local life—helps me to do much more than that. It helps me to *practise* Socialism. It brings the highflown generalities of political theory down to practical reality. It helps my neighbours and myself to put our beliefs into practice right in our own street, in the mine, on the farm, in the factory, and in the home.

And unless and until we do try to put our beliefs into practice in our everyday lives, we might as well fill our ballot boxes with waste paper.

That's why our little local discussion groups are so important. That's why I want to see more and more of them springing up in every neighbourhood, in every street.

There's far more to it than just politics, of course. Politics are only a part of the problem. A man's politics are simply the expression of his innermost religious beliefs.

Or don't you agree? You might try that one on your own local discussion group. In any case, I intend to discuss it on this page next week.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

a sheltering tree

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST words in the English language is Friendship. There is no human heart that does not crave for it. Only those unfitted for a place in society would turn from it.

"The highest compact we can make with our fellows is: Let there be truth between us two forevermore. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus, or thus, I know it was right."

That is Emerson's fine definition of true friendship. Its essentials are simple. There must be between friends complete sincerity, truth, and unselfishness. There must be the ability to talk freely and, even more important, the ability not to talk at all. If you can be with another person and be quiet for long periods without embarrassment, then that person is a friend.

It is important for mental and spiritual help to have a friend to whom one can turn for advice, sympathy and understanding, but it's not necessary for friends to live in each others pockets. Such intrusion has killed many promising friendships, and will kill many more.

On the other hand, what more valuable possession than someone always near to share your deepest secrets?

Cultivate friendship. It is the sheet-anchor of this unstable world.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

The Man with the LONG FACE

Ernie was a guy with a gloomy face but bright ideas—and Charlie certainly needed a brain-wave to noose that red-headed gal of his

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY HOT

"After I kissed her, she reached for the frying pan. . . . And now it's all over"

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE quiet, drowsy evenings at the "Barley Mow," nothing much happening and nothing much likely to, when Uncle Joe walked in with a white carnation in his buttonhole. Miss Loveday was on to it in a flash.

"You've been to a wedding!" she sang out.

"All some people can think about," the old man grunted. He wiped off the inside of his bowler and, waiting for his pint, lowered himself into his favourite seat.

"I don't blame insects that look like something different," he began, "for that's their natural protection. But with a chap like Ernie Glummidge, who was born that way, it's different."

Miss Loveday blew on to a glass. "Come to the point," she suggested. "Who's Ernie Glummidge? An insect?"

Ernie Glummidge (said Uncle Joe) is the fellow with the longest face I ever did see. Droopy moustache, and he'll look at you over his spectacles as if he's just heard something the doctors won't say's going to happen to you. Never was such a chap for a bit of misery. Suppose you go into his shop over in Stratford-on-Avon and say: "Nice day!" he'll look at you mournful. "Too clear. Turn to rain."

"Bit of rain won't hurt the crops."

"If it is a bit."

"Perhaps it'll hold off long enough to give the townsfolk a chance to get out and get a breath of fresh air."

"Pneumonia more like, the way gals dress these days."

HE started up his business on his gratuity and when I first knew him he was going to hospital about the bullet in his arm. They'd been telling him for months chances were he was going to lose it, but a young doctor tried a new treatment and broke the news that his arm was going to be as good as new.

"After all the trouble learning to write left-handed," Ernie grumbled.

Charlie Piddock used to buy his fags at Ernie's shop and since there isn't anything Ernie likes as much as a bit of misery Charlie was soon talking about his own troubles. Now Charlie's a nice lad, but he never could make up his own mind about anything. Half the gals round had been losing sleep for months thinking of a way to get hold of him, but he was the shy sort that none of them could make a start on.

One day he was sitting in a bus and a red-headed gal came in and sat next to him. She never said a word. Didn't even notice him. But Charlie knew something had happened to him. Just having her so near made his heart beat like to suffocate him. He kept on the bus to the terminus and followed her in a daze until she went inside a house, and he waited outside until she came out at a quarter to eight. Then he followed her home, and when he'd been haunting her home for a week she spoke to him, wondering friendly like how it was she was always seeing him.

When Charlie started talking to Ernie Glummidge he'd got to the point where he thought sticking his head in a gas oven was a good idea—and, of course, that was just the sort of talk for Ernie, except perhaps he'd have favoured cutting your throat.

"Won't have anything to do with me," Charlie moaned, "unless I've got a good job with prospects, and her mother backs her up. What chance have I got, going into the Army straight from school?"

"Getting married's the worst thing that can happen to a chap," Ernie told him. "That finishes you. It's for the best."

"If I can't have her I don't want anything."

"Shows you can't be in your right mind. Best forget the whole business."

Now Charlie always was good at figures and it was a waste to have him delivering groceries, although most of the girls would have jumped at him, groceries and all. In the end Ernie said:

"If you've got to wreck your life and go for this gal serious, get it over. I can't stand the sight of you moping. Step up to her and grab her. Show her you're a man. You won't get no more gab about home-making and jobs with prospects."

Well, sleeping or waking, Charlie couldn't think of anything except this Sheila—how white her teeth showed when she smiled—all that hair shining like copper on her shoulders, and the way she would toss it back. So he tried it. Staring at her and sighing wasn't getting him anywhere, anyway.

When he got to Ernie's shop next morning one eye was shut, a lovely purple. "Walk into a door?" Ernie asked.

"After I kissed her like you said," Charlie told him, terse, "she reached for the frying pan. I wish I'd never set eyes on you!"

"Hadn't got hold of her tight enough."

"And now it's all over."

"And a good job, too. Best thing for

with my feet up ★

by IAN FOX

It's All in the Papers

WE'RE JUST ABOUT GETTING USED to the larger daily newspapers. Personally I thought the smaller papers were all right. They took just long enough to read and didn't give you a chance to say "What a lot of rubbish they put in the papers these days."

With the larger papers you feel compelled to read a lot more. You always think they may have found something good to put in the extra pages, and you're afraid you may miss it.

With the small papers, you could skip through them in a minute. There was the main story of the day which you could usually cover by reading the headline and the first paragraph. Then there was the bit about one of the peace conferences which you had to read to find out how much sooner the next war is coming.

You also had to read the bit about atom research to see how your expectation of life was getting along. But the time taken in reading this was compensated for by the attack on Aneurin Bevan which you could skip because you had read it all the day before and the day before that. You could also skip the attack on Mr. Shinwell for the same reason, but you might have a glance at the attack on the Food Minister just to find out if it was your month to have an egg.

After that you were free to get down to a bit of serious reading on the latest murders, robberies and escaped German prisoners.

My impression of the bigger papers is that as the number of pages has gone up so the average age of readers has gone down. Hence the outbreak of strip cartoons all over the place.

★ ★ ★

My intelligence graph must have dropped right off the bottom of the chart because, personally, I find comic strips much more difficult to follow than straight print. For instance, those conversation bubbles coming out of people's heads—I always seem to read them in the wrong order.

If, as I suspect, these strips are meant for non-readers, all the newspapers have missed the point. Conversation bubbles should be abolished and the whole action shown in pictures alone. Later the pictures could be abolished so that readers could employ the space usefully for shopping lists, doodling, or writing angry letters to the editor.

I hoped for better newspaper features when more pages came along. But strip cartoons, more sport and a section for women seem to be about as far as most of the papers have got.

Why not some really new features? Since the tremendous increase in crime there is obviously a good circulation raiser in a column for crooks. Think of the reader interest in a list of addresses of owners of expensive jewellery and furs.

★ ★ ★

I would also suggest a section for doggies written by doggies (some doggie-lovers would believe it). Our dumb friends would just lap up a gossip column called "Picking a Bone," by Towser, or series with titles such as "My Mistress," by a Dog About Town.

But why should I hand out all these valuable ideas? Before writing this article I conducted one of those nation-wide snoops on a cross-section of the public. They were a very cross section, too.

After sorting several million answers, I found that most people like the larger newspapers. And for two reasons: (*a*) They make fire-lighting easier; (*b*) When you wrap your meat ration in them it doesn't bleed through before you get home.

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all concerned. That started them off, and as a result of Charlie listening to that old sourpuss again, he went round to call on the mother. "She's at the bottom of this home-making gab," Ernie said. "Get round her and you're in."

Charlie got on well with the mother. He was a nice-looking boy, sort any mother would like. She told him not to take any notice of Sheila being high-spirited, and put some vinegar and brown paper on his eye. "If you'd got a little business," she told him, "she'd marry you tomorrow. She's very fond of you but she remembers how her pa left me."

That was all right until Charlie saw the gal next day—with a sailor he hadn't heard of before. "Go and have another nice evening with mum," she advised. "I'm going out with this friend of mine who can do his own stuff without bringing anyone's mother into it."

IN the ordinary way, Charlie's an easy-going chap, thinking the best of everybody, but something came over him at the way the sailor was smiling and looking away while all this was going on. "If he knows what's good for him," Charlie ground out, "he'll push off before I knock his teeth out."

The gal opened her eyes wide at him and caught hold of his arm. "Say that again, mate!" the sailor suggested, hitching up his bell-bottoms and moving close.

"Charlie!" she cried. "Bert! Stop it this instant!"

But Charlie had given the sailor a shove and in two shakes they were rolling all over the road tearing at each other like wildcats.

Well, of course, when Charlie came in the next morning with puffed lips and a mouthful of loose teeth, to say nothing of half of the rest of his face in adhesive tape, Ernie Glummidge was startled. "You been kissing that gal again?" he demanded.

So Charlie told him, speaking very careful out of the side of his mouth. "She ran inside the house and slammed the door," he ended. "So me and the other bloke went off and had a drink together."

Ernie shook his head. "Nothing a woman likes better than to set two men fighting over her and go off with a third. You've had it, Charlie boy."

"Well?" Charlie snapped, very different from the old Charlie Piddock. "What now, professor? I've stood and listened to you for three weeks and look at the mess you've got me into! How'd you like me to knock *your* block off, for a change?"

That made Ernie think, of course. "Look, Charlie," he decided in the end, "first you stand round and sigh and won't do anything, and now you want to fight everyone you see. All you got to do is to take her round some flowers. Waste a lot of money on something, the more useless the better, and you can do anything with a woman. But let me warn you, nothing good is coming out of this. You've still got time to back out."

That was sensible enough, so after thinking it over all day on his rounds with the groceries, Charlie spent sixteen shillings on a bunch of roses with long stalks and tight pink buds and took it round to the house. She wouldn't see him at first, but when she saw the flowers she opened the door and let him in.

"At least," she told him, "you're ashamed of yourself!" and it seemed to Charlie that she was looking at him in a funny way.

He knew they had a garden at the back full of roses, so that made the business silly enough, even for Ernie Glummidge, and the gal *was* pleased—he could see that. The snag turned up later, when he was sitting close on the sofa and making the most of it by telling her that he was going to marry her if he had to fight every man in Stratford-on-Avon first.

"Charlie," she told him, "I like you much more now. You're sweet. But a girl would be a fool to think of marrying a man who's careless with his money."

Just after that I had a talk with Ernie Glummidge about something the vicar had just told me.

"I didn't know," I said to Ernie, "that you were the one who saved Charlie Piddock's life."

"If I'd known he would be practically living in my shop ever after," Ernie snapped, "I'd have left him in the tank."

"Instead of which you carried him through two miles of enemy-held territory to the dressing station?"

"If you call it carrying, when a young fool won't let you sit down and surrender in comfort."

"That's where you got your wound?"

"With Jerries all round, who could help getting hit by something."

"And now he's living with you here over the shop?"

"I've given him a room over the place so's I can get a bit o' peace in the shop itself. Expect me to sit here and listen to him all day?"

"You told me when you started this business you didn't expect to last six months—you seem to have done pretty well!"

"Fine!" he snarled. "Managed to pay every penny of my income tax. And now I'll tell you something, Joe Sambourne," he said. "You won't find me here next week! I've had a basinful and I'm through. Now—do you want any tobacco, or not?"

"You're being . . . sold up?"

"As if there was anything to sell! Glad to get out with what's left of my health."

"Then Charlie'll be looking for lodgings again?"

He glared at me. "Old enough to look out for himself, isn't he?"

And now I'm coming to what happened this afternoon in Stratford.

WHEN I dropped in to see who'd taken over the shop, who do I see behind the counter but a red-headed gal with hair like a waterfall on her shoulders. And behind her Charlie Piddock scratching his head over figures.

"Ernie set me up in the business," he said, "and Sheila's learning the trade because we're going to be spliced next month."

"And he did it," I said, "because he couldn't get any peace with you hanging round the shop all day."

"Right!"

"In spite of the fact that he hasn't one penny to rub against the next, and only the workhouse ahead?"

"Old age pension, was what he said."

The gal nodded. "The reason there has to be two to a marriage, according to Ernie, is because one couldn't stand it without help."

"He's warned me!" Charlie said, "I won't last six months, so he's set himself up on the High Street in a double-fronted shop next to the Hippodrome. . . ."

That's Ernie Glummidge for you, and if you like to call it going to a wedding, please yourself. Only (said Uncle Joe) I'd like to see Ernie's face if they go and call their eldest after him!

THIS WEEK'S COVER ★ ★ **AUTUMN LEAVES**

Autumn, to the reflective mind, is a nostalgic season of woodlands carpeted with yellow confetti; of curling bonfire smoke and the gathering of pine cones. But what of the park keeper? He pitches brain and broom against Nature's untidy habits, and his job is as heart-breaking as selling sun parasols in an English summer. Gilbert Wilkinson, one of JOHN BULL's distinguished cover artists, shows his versatility again by giving us this painter's impression of a season precious to all who love nature.

PALESTINE: THE ONLY SOLUTION

by FENNER BROCKWAY

Partition into Jew and Arab States merely means that the conflict goes on. The only hope lies in a change of heart. Let both peoples be encouraged to work together in the task of developing their country

ERNEST BEVIN has said he will stake his political future upon solving the Palestine problem. Mr. Bevin has often shown that he is a man of courage; he will certainly require all of it if he is to make good in this instance.

Because of all the problems in the world today Palestine is the most difficult.

At first sight there would seem to be no solution. The Jews are determined to make Palestine a Jewish State with a Jewish majority. The Arabs are equally determined that it shall be an Arab State, with a continuing Arab majority. How can these diametrically opposite views be reconciled?

The superficially obvious solution of the problem of Palestine is to partition it, giving the Jews and the Arabs the territories which they mostly inhabit and maintaining under British administration the disputed city of Jerusalem and its environs.

When an earlier British Government proposed partition, the Labour Party was critical, but this is the plan it is now putting forward. Possibly no other device is immediately practicable; but it is no solution.

Both Jews and Arabs hate partition. It will act as a continuing irritant. And the modern world requires not division into smaller units but unification in larger administrative areas.

Is there no alternative proposal? I want to suggest a new approach, beginning from a consideration not of Palestine but of the whole of the Near and Middle East.

I believe, if we take this wider view, Palestine may fit into the pattern in a way which will not conflict with the claims of either the Arabs or the Jews, or with the true interests of Britain.

The Key to the Problem

The war showed the potential importance of the nations of the Near and Middle East. For the first time, together with Egypt, they were organized as an economic unit.

I remember seeing a fascinating film, which revealed how their vast agricultural, oil and mineral resources were co-ordinated and how essential to the scheme were the Jewish communities and their modernized ports in Palestine, where Jews and Arabs worked side by side.

As this picture unfolded, I could visualize the new civilization which is destined to arise in these lands at the meeting place of East and West, the very heart of the world.

That film held out to us the key to the problem of Palestine. Instead of destroying themselves in a conflict as to whether Palestine is to be "Arab" or "Jew," the constructive minds of the two peoples, with all the help the British can give, should be co-operating in the birth of this new power, the Federation of the Near and Middle East, of which both will be a part.

Whatever happens to Palestine, even if it became a Jewish State tomorrow, it cannot exist separately from this coming Federation. Why not begin the partnership now?

The Arabs should realize that the Jews can contribute to the Near and Middle East exactly what it most requires.

Their agricultural colonies in Palestine are a model, showing what can be done with land which often appears to be unfertile but which can be made to yield crops abundantly. Their technical skill in industry can serve to develop resources now untouched.

These Jewish characteristics may appear to the Arabs as a menace when applied competitively; they can be a service to Arab, no less than to Jew, when applied co-operatively.

A beginning in co-operation might be made with Mr. James Hemming's proposal for a Jordan Valley Plan similar to President Roosevelt's Tennessee Valley Scheme, which in ten years transformed eroded wastes into a flourishing fertility over an area much larger than Palestine. A condition could be attached that the workers should be Arab and Jewish in equal numbers or in proportion to the respective strengths of the two peoples.

A plan on such a vast scale could obviously be put through only with Jewish-Arab goodwill. Could not both be brought to see its significance, not only for Palestine, but as an economic example for the whole of the Near and Middle East?

If the Jews and Arabs alike could begin to co-operate in this spirit, many of the issues which now divide them would shrink to their proper proportions.

The dominating conflict at present, for example, centres upon Jewish immigration. Start a Jordan Valley Plan, and all the Jews who wish to enter could be admitted without threat to the Arabs.

There is much misconception about the prospects of Jewish immigration. It is assumed that if the prohibition were removed, they would swamp Palestine and drive out the Arabs.

This assumption overlooks the tragic fact that six million Jews in Europe were massacred by the Nazis and that, at the most, the number of potential immigrants is now not more than two millions. The absorbtive capacity of a fully developed Palestine is between five and six millions, which would allow for at least an equality of Arabs with Jews.

But my hope would be that as Jewish-Arab co-operation developed in the construction of this new civilization in the Near and Middle East, the Arabs themselves would in time be ready to regard Palestine as the specially Jewish section of their Federation.

The Jews, in my opinion, have no right to expect Britain, or any other Power, to hold down the Arabs and to deny them self-government until immigration has in due time given a Jewish majority; but they would have reason to hope that the Arabs, in response to wholehearted co-operation in the common task, would come to respect their desire for a National Home.

Strong Labour Movement

This plan has the advantage that the strong Jewish Labour Movement in Palestine would be able to contribute its influence in a constructive way to the development of the whole of the Near and Middle East, instead of spending its efforts in a destructive racial conflict.

Is the proposal which I have outlined beyond hope of realization? Is the antagonism between Jews and Arabs too deep to be resolved? If so, neither Mr. Bevin nor anyone else can find a solution.

But sometime, however distant the day may be, Jews and Arabs must live together amicably, and there must be men of influence on both sides who appreciate that the sooner a beginning is made the better.

The way to overcome the present estrangement is not to impose "solutions" which outrage either side or perpetuate the conflict, but to strive to find a basis of unity in a larger sphere where both have common interests. Does not the plan outlined here meet that need?

Jewish farmers introduce modern machinery while the Arab uses the wooden plough as did his forefathers for centuries

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

HATS OFF TO HUSBANDS

UNTIL I WAS LEFT ALONE to fend for my two small children, I never understood or appreciated what the feelings must be of a man responsible for home and family. I never realized the burden of knowing, day after day, that a job has to be done, that there can be no slacking, no day-dreaming. I never realized the constant need for a cheerful front before employers and workmates—no matter what happens.

And now? I long to tell other women to appreciate their husbands, to encourage them and, above all, to see that nothing in home life gives them that deadly feeling of inferiority.

Too late I learned the lesson that a little encouragement and appreciation goes a very long way. Hats off to the menfolk who cheerfully, and too often with little thanks, do their utmost for home and family and do not think it a duty.—MRS. V. M. T., Norwich. (Name and address enclosed.)

Mother-in-law Joke

ON HOLIDAY with my mother-in-law at Bournemouth, I was persuaded to enter a shop where they sold Bibles, prayer books and illuminated texts. She

"Turned on her heel"

wanted to choose a motto for her bedroom. The assistant took great pains but he could not find anything to suit her. At last, his patience exhausted, he gave me a sly wink and produced "God make me easy to live with today."

Without a word mother-in-law turned on her heel and walked out.—E. N., Wimborne, Dorset. (Name and address enclosed.)

Curtailed Pleasures

THE GOVERNMENT asks for more children, but children have curtailed all the pleasures I ever got out of life. I was married at eighteen and now, at the age of thirty-four, I have eight children under fifteen.

I hardly see outside the door from one week to the next. When we were first married my husband never went out without me. Now I have to sit at home every night while he goes out with his pals.—MRS. R., Barrow-in-Furness. (Name and address enclosed.)

Error in Oil

OUR ECONOMISTS must have gone out of their minds to allow the change-over from coal to oil on the railways. I read that the Great Western Railway will save about 384,000 tons of coal in a year when their oil-burning engines are in operation. This amount is the monthly shipment of a single colliery company that I know. So the total saving is the output from one firm—yet the oil has to be brought many hundred miles.

The Government would have done better to improve conditions at the coal face. Absenteeism would then drop and tons of extra coal would be produced in a year.—JOHN W. SHARPE, Westholme, Welham Road, Retford, Notts.

Unfashionable, But Good

MY WIFE AND I, after hearing stories of fantastic seaside charges this year, decided we would go to an unfashionable part of the country. We made a tandem tour of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk and Cambridgeshire.

Everywhere we found a smiling welcome, excellent food and reasonable prices. At one place we actually had supper for nothing.—C. ASTON, 12 Carlingford Road, Morden, Surrey.

Eyes to See

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK the Durham coalminer who wrote to you so feelingly about his holiday in Surrey. He called the county "a little bit of heaven" and that made me think.

For many years I have lived in Surrey and I realized that I had come to regard it as little more than a London dormitory. Lately, thanks to the letter in JOHN BULL, I have been getting about more. Strange to think it has taken a northern coalminer to show a southerner the beauties of his own county.—D. G., Sutton, Surrey. (Name and address enclosed.)

Swiss Swizzle

A DISGUSTED FRIEND in Switzerland sends me a newspaper article which he says is true. It complains that a Swiss went into a big Zurich shop to buy chocolate (which is no longer rationed). They had none. Nor had other shops.

A couple of days later he tried again. But this time he asked in English and not in his native German. The effect was magical. And at one shop, the assistant, while refusing a German-speaking customer, gave him a broad wink and told him to wait a minute.—MRS. YVONNE SCOTT, 58 Gloucester Road, Newbury, Berks.

Husbands Can Know

IT WAS DISAPPOINTING to read the letter from the reader who could not get information about what to do in an emergency birth. If he had been a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade his divisional doctor would have told him where to get all the facts. May I suggest to any other husbands who seek information, that they ask anyone they see wearing the eight-pointed star of the Order of St. John?—A. E. FERGUSON, Div. Superintendent, 16 Salisbury View, Armley, Leeds 12.

A Memory Lives

A LOW HEDGE SKIRTED an exquisite garden. Glorious colour, original planning and fragrant perfume were its keynotes.

It was conceived and made by a man who was slowly dying of a terrible disease. When he realized that he would never see another summer, he spent more time in perfecting the garden saying, "I must leave something beautiful."

Like the Rev. W. E. Purcell in his recent article, "Life's Greatest Mystery," I cannot believe that physical death means extinction to a soul so courageous and thoughtful.—FLORENCE M. RUSSELL, 43 Vyner Street, Haxby Road, York.

HOW MUCH LONGER will human beings persist in harassing their poor ignorant minds with the two alternatives after death—either reward for their good deeds or punishment for their evil ones?

The Rev. W. E. Purcell indicates that "we take life as we find it and live it as best we can." This is sound logic and, by the same philosophy, we can face death as we find it and feel grateful for the peace of oblivion that it brings, instead of reaching for some fantastic abode too shadowy to penetrate.

Love and self-sacrifice practised in this life supply that heaven on earth which knows no mystery, demands no search, requires no dogma, ecclesiastical form or ritual. This is far superior to tormenting our minds with speculation regarding what may be awaiting us beyond the grave.—HENRY JAMES, 6 Westfield Terrace, Baildon, Yorks.

"No sugar, please, and could I have one without lipstick?"

Stylish Men

WE HEAR A LOT about women being able to wear clothes stylishly and with *chic*. It is not often noticed that the same applies to men. Take men's

"All the same shape"

hats, for instance. They are approximately all the same shape, yet one man always looks as if his hat "didn't belong," while another just crams a hat on anyhow and immediately appears to be wearing it with an air.

When there were more soldiers about, it was especially noticeable with Army berets. One man never succeeded in wearing a beret as if he had got used to it, yet another could carry it off as if born to it.—CHARLES ANDERSON, Stockwell Park Road, London, S.W.9.

Bound "Views"

I WOULD LIKE to congratulate you on your "Private View" articles. These pen pictures give us concise up-to-the-minute glimpses of men and women in the public eye.

I have cut the articles out and intend to have them bound. I suggest that at some future date you should publish in volume form these intimate studies. It would be a book worthy of any bookshelf.—L. K. C. BROOKS, 40 All Saints Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Never Heard of It?

HAVE JUST RECEIVED a letter from America addressed to "Edinburgh, England." Some enterprising British post office official has added the words, "Try Scotland."—A. B. MACFARLANE, 12 St. Giles Street, Edinburgh 1.

Late Birds Win

EARLY THIS YEAR people having air raid shelters were notified that they could keep them on payment of £2. Now, it has been found rather a costly business dismantling unwanted shelters and permission has been given to those who still retain them to keep their shelters for nothing. Those who have already paid the £2 have been refused a refund.—MARGARET BURNS, 32 Woodburn Avenue, Airdrie.

Happy Telegram

AFTER A VERY SERIOUS operation I surprised the doctors and nurses by standing up after five days and walking out in three weeks. I was not so surprised.

A big part of my cure came when I received a telegram from my husband just before the operation. He is paralysed from the waist down. His message said, "I'll walk beside you. Good luck."—MRS. D. KNIGHT, 28 Colwood Gardens, London, S.W.17.

HOW AMERICA GOES RACING

This is how racing is organized on one of America's crack courses. The executives give punters nearly everything except a certain winner! We could take a few tips

says JOHN MACADAM

Aerial view of Hollywood Park racecourse. The track is one mile and, with the five-furlong training track adjoining covers 315 acres. Stable area is 84 acres. The grandstand holds 12,000. In the foreground are parks to hold 22,000 cars

RACING IN BRITAIN is passing through a difficult time. As a result of the war and all the restrictions imposed by the war, there have been small fields, poor prices, and not a great deal of good bloodstock about. Nevertheless, the Jockey Club has got the game going again, and the public has been rolling along.

The tendency in racing, as it is happily in most other sports nowadays, is more and more to consider this public, and I have been interested to discover from an American just what racing executives do for their public in the States.

The track I was told about is Hollywood Park, and it seems that the only thing the executives of this track do not do for the punters is supply them with certain winners!

Track operations are divided into fifteen departments. The programme for a meeting is printed under the stand a few hours before racing starts so that the very latest scratchings and jockeys' mounts are in.

The average crowd is sixty thousand odd, and there are no pass-out checks. If you wish to leave the enclosure once you have got your ticket, they apply a rubber stamp to the back of your hand. The imprint shows when it is exposed to what they call black light. It is not injurious to the skin and disappears altogether inside eight hours.

Horses are flown to and from the track as a matter of pure routine.

Hollywood Park has two tracks—the mile oval for racing and just over half-a-mile for training, so that there is no necessity for trainers to go any distances for morning gallops. They stable their horses, exercise them and race them right there on the track. The track is banked on the corners.

Fair Deal for Punters

Racing has become such a vast industry in the United States that the most elaborate precautions are taken to ensure a fair deal for the punter. No stable is accepted until it has been approved—in this case, by the California Horse Racing Board.

Once accepted, the stable applies to the racing secretary at the track giving a list of all its horses and employees. The secretary checks the horses against his list of some twenty thousand racing in the U.S., Canada and Mexico and, having satisfied himself, he gives the O.K. to the stable to send such-and-such entries along. When they arrive, they are identified by the track security officers and given accommodation on the track.

Tracks like Hollywood Park run for fifty-five consecutive days and whereas we in this country today have two- and three-horse races, the Californian average is over ten. The smallest purse is eight hundred pounds, the largest twenty-five thousand pounds. In the Hollywood Gold Cup, the track adds twenty-five thousand pounds to the stakes.

One of the most remarkable phenomena associated with this race-track is the Performance Analysis Department which files complete records of everyone connected with racing. To quote a typical case handled by this department . . . let's look at the record of a horse called G.I. Bill which, a few days after winning easily by six lengths, finished fourth, beaten by fifteen lengths. Here is the department's report:

To: Board of Stewards.
From: Performance Analysis Department.

Subject: Performance of Jockey John Doe and his mount, G.I. Bill. Finished fourth, beaten fifteen lengths. G.I. Bill: owned by O. K. Stables, trained by L. O. Johns. Jockey: John Doe, aged 25, weight 112 lb., of Canadian birth, contract with Saipan Stables, developed as an apprentice by John Daly. Rode for Westwood Stables and won Triple Crown on Sandune at Bay Meadows, 1940. Was suspended for meeting at Laurel, Maryland, 1939. Suspended 10 days and fined £85 for rough riding at Pimlico, Maryland, 1939. Was warned at Del Mar for unsatisfactory ride on Victory Ship and Liberty. Whips with both hands. Trainer: L. O. Johns. He is an experienced veteran trainer who has conditioned horses on the coast for more than twenty years. Employed by Centinela Valet Stables, Long Acre Stables and J. A. Caster. Owns breeding farm in Nevada, trains thoroughly and competently, and has no marks against him.

Vets' report: Pre-race examination normal.

Clockers' report: G.I. Bill trained excellently for his winning race. Ran a mile in 1:40:2. Trains normal, is consistent, and easy to handle.

Absolved from Suspicion

This report, with that of the vet, absolves the trainer from any suspicion that he knew his horse was not fit to race. The clockers referred to at the end of the report are paid by the track and time hundreds of horses as they work out on the practice stretch.

To the information already amassed is added G.I. Bill's past performance record, the paddock judge's report, a report by the patrol judge, who states what happened as the horses started and then, to make it absolutely certain that no detail has been missed, the analysis department sits down and looks at a complete film which has been made of the race (as it is made of every race!).

The final piece of evidence is the vet's after-race examination and as a result of all this G.I. Bill and his jockey are found guilty or not guilty as the case may be.

But in any event it appears clear that nothing is left undone to make sure that the punter is protected from skulduggery. Apart from the stewards, the assistant stewards, the clockers and all the judges at the various strategic points around the course there are performance observers, each one of whom is assigned to a horse in every race. Each of these observers, with powerful race glasses, watches his own horse. From the moment it enters the track until the moment it comes back to the paddock for unsaddling he never takes his eyes off his horse.

Months of Racing

Now, I do not say that similar elaboration should be practised in this country but certainly some such care could be taken to ensure that the British race-goer gets a square deal. Racing here is just as straight as it need be, but there are one or two cases in not-too-distant history in which the public would have been more satisfied had a full authentic explanation been made, backed up with official reports and a photo finish.

The whole thing depends on centralization of racing in this country. Without centralization we can do nothing, for what executive would be prepared to introduce this elaborate set-up—or anything like it—for three or four days of racing? None.

If you were to look at the fixtures now, you would find the same fixtures today as existed fifty years ago. In 1900, Folkestone clashed with Manchester and in 1946, they still clash.

Meetings are persisted in at such places as Ayr and Pontefract and while I would hesitate to suggest that such meetings should be declared redundant, the fact is that owners and trainers are more and more disinclined to send their horses far afield under present transport conditions.

The answer is: centralization of racing in recognized centres. Then we could have months of racing instead of a few days at a time and some of the amenities the Americans have introduced on their long-term-policy tracks.

The racing industry owes it to the punter.

"IF I SELL PATENT RIGHTS to a firm for £5,000 should I have to pay income tax on it? If I accepted the sum in ten annual payments should I be taxed each year on the sum received?"

JB A lump sum for the sale of patent rights is liable to income tax. If the money were paid in ten annual payments the tax liability would be spread over the ten years.

House Numbers

"IS IT THE DUTY of the borough or district council to number the houses in their area? Or is it their duty to see that the respective owners of property do this?"

JB The local council has no particular duty regarding the numbering of houses in their area. It is a matter for the postal authorities.

Deferring Call-up

"HOW CAN MY CALL-UP BE DEFERRED for six months so that I may continue taking the Institute of Bankers' Examinations? Where should I apply?"

JB Deferment may be granted to enable you to take an important examination within nine months of your date of registration under the National Service Acts. You should appeal to the Military Service (Hardship) Committee, but notice of a desire to appeal should be given at the date of your medical examination. It is advisable to give such notice to the clerk at the medical examination centre.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Child Allowance

"NEXT MONTH my son will be fifteen years old. He is earning a wage of £2 5s. a week. Am I still allowed £50 child allowance on my income tax?"

JB If your son will earn more than £50 in the year ending April 5, 1947, you are not entitled to the child allowance for the current year. This will cause a reduction in your P.A.Y.E. code number, and you may be faced with some arrears of tax.

Unpaid Holidays

"A FIRM OF BUILDING CONTRACTORS closed down for a week's holiday in August. As I was a temporary employee, I was not entitled to holiday pay and signed on at the exchange for unemployment benefit. I was informed that this could not be granted. Why was the benefit refused?"

JB Unfortunately you cannot be deemed unemployed for benefit purposes during the week when the firm closed down for the holiday period.

Essential Farm Work

"CAN FARM WORKERS leave their employment for other work? Two of my friends, both over thirty-three years of age, are leaving this employment and I should like to do the same."

JB Before you can enter another industry you will have to consult the local Employment Exchange.

Tax for Over Seventies

"ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS I have been told that men over seventy are exempt from income tax. Is this correct?"

JB It is not true that men over seventy are exempt from income tax. The only concession is that, where a taxpayer is over sixty-five and is in receipt of any unearned income, that income is treated as if it were earned, provided the total does not exceed £500.

Breach of Promise

"FOUR YEARS AGO I was granted a legal separation from my husband and was given the custody of the two children. Two years ago I sued for a divorce because a man promised to marry me when I was free. He has now married someone else. Can I sue for breach of promise?"

JB No, you cannot bring an action against the man for breach of promise as you were not free to marry at the time the promise was made.

JOHN BULL PAYS £700,000

Since JOHN BULL'S Scheme of Free Insurance for registered readers was first launched, the colossal sum of over £700,000 has been paid in cash benefits—a world record in weekly journalism. No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique Insurance Gift to every reader could possibly be forthcoming.

Readers not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Join the Weekend Millionaires!

"TO celebrate winning £1,000, come to London's West End with a companion for a free Millionaire's Weekend!" That is the exciting invitation to be wired on Friday, November 1, to this week's *Bullets* First Prize-winner.

Our picture shows a group of *Bullets* "millionaires" enjoying themselves at the London Palladium as *John Bull's* guests. "The time of our lives, far in excess of anything anticipated," is how reader H. Doswell, Great Harwood, Blackburn, described the *Bullets* weekend which he and his wife enjoyed last June.

Your coupon below gives you the privilege of entering for the biggest prize (and the longest prize-list) in competitions today. Start now on your *Bullets* and win £1,000 for a thought!

HOW TO WIN. To make a *Bullet* add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual. This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated November 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£1,500 "Bullets" Cash

First Prize, £1,000 and Millionaire's Weekend for Two; Second Prize, £100; Third Prize, £50; Fourth Prize, £25. Other Prizes: 10 of £10; 20 of £5; 50 of £1; 500 of 2s. 6d.; 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £20 opportunity.

EXAMPLES

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

BUSY BRITANNIA
TO WIN PROSPERITY
STRUGGLING HUMANITY
ANOTHER WAR
UNO'S MACHINERY
HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY
MAN IN THE KREMLIN
ALL AROUND US
PLAY THE GAME AND
YOUTH
MORE CIVILIZED
HER HOME
WINTER'S SWORD
TREAT FOR THE CUSTOMER
STIFF OPPOSITION
HARASSED HOUSEWIFE
OUR COUNCIL THINKS
GROCER SANDY
IF LOOKS COULD KILL
GETS GRANDPA'S GOAT

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

..... IS VITAL, SO
IN OUR ..... IN
MINER'S ..... OUT
DESERVES ..... IT
RETURNED THE .....
HUBBY'S A ..... BUT

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,551 (or Xword 503), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,547

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus £20 Radio:

G. PEACE, 74 New Bradbury Street, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury: **Home Life—"Left! Right!" Left Wrong.**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus £20 Radio: J. W. Booth, 55 Grosvenor Crescent, Louth: **Sounds Deafening—To Shinwell, Falling Leaf!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus £20 Radio: W. Lee, 25 Galsworthy Avenue, Chadwell Heath: **My Tobacconist—Tender—Tendered Me Ten!**

10 RADIO PRIZES value £20: W. C. Arnold, 34 Winchelsea Street, Dover: **Wouldn't Surprise Me—This Year *Wrung* Out!** A. Barnes, 3 Gaisford Road, Cowley, Oxford: **Faster And Faster—Sonny's Recitation—Refreshments Appearing!** A. T. Dawson, 27 Camm Lane, Mirfield: **No Time For Children—Then Eternity Regretting It.** R. W. Edmanson, 35 Alexander Avenue, Halton, Leeds: **Dad Had A Day Off, So—"Helped" Mother—Went Out!** J. Moss, 15 The Green, Calne: **Makes Things Easy—And People Uneasy, Science.** C. Parsons, 44 Sheringham Avenue, London, E.12: **Sounds Suspicious—Everything—Grandpa's Ear-trumpet Sabotaged!** S. Rollings, Blake Street, Sutton Coldfield: **Dad Had A Day Off, So—Accompanied Dick, Tom—"*Robert*"!** R. Smith, 20 Heaton Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent: **Hard At Work—"Wringing" Concessions, "Mangling" Unity.** F. H. Yell, 1 Avondale Avenue, E. Barnet: **To Grandpa's Disgust—Hustled Into First Lifeboat!** T. M. Young, St. Clair, West Cults, near Aberdeen: **My Tobacconist—Cured Cough *Doctor* Couldn't!**

50 prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

CORRECTION.—In addition to last week's 10 winners of Radio Prizes, as announced, the name of Mrs. A. I. Creber, Paignton, a £1 winner, was inadvertently published.

10 WINNERS IN XWORD No. 499

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Sides. 4, Dread. 7, Hem. 8, Book. 10, Rig. 13, Fall. 15, Tars. DOWN: 2, Crack. 3, Earns. 5, Shores. 6, Shop. 9, Muller. 11, Hand. 12, Owls. 14, Hit.

TEN £100 SHARERS: J. Beard, St. Helens; Mrs. D. H. Butt, Northwood; Cfn. S. M. Ellis, Harrogate; A. C. Goodall, West Woking; D. L. Hutchinson, Belfast; W. Jacobs, Wirral; C. R. King, Newport; W. Malpass, Coleford; W. Roberts, London, S.E.8; W. C. Waterman, Harrow.

Winners above receive Fountain-pens in addition. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 83 entrants.

XWORD PRIZES

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Radio for Outright Winner.

Post Square by Monday, Oct. 21.

Across Clues.

1. Youngster taking up stage should get help from
3. Is commonly accidental
6. To draw one isn't a specially difficult process
9. A taste of this might well make some people less sentimental
13. It's gratifying to see set properly
14. Consciousness of this might well weigh heavily on puritan type

Down Clues.

1. If thin cord, it can be this
2. Wind may blow it out of its course
4. People have to drink a lot these days before feeling this
5. Many people think food value of this is greatly overestimated
7. Is useful in same way as is a bit
8. You'll generally want this to dry up
10. Shrinks when in hot water
11. Drought may have serious effect on
12. Often literally wades into scraps

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

1,551 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 21

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

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On Saturday, November 2, you can receive your *Bulletin* and *Gazette* with special Offer of Christmas Hampers. To get it, address and 2½d. stamp this label—or enclose 2½d. std. addressed envelope.

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ADDRESS .....

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364

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d. address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 21

503

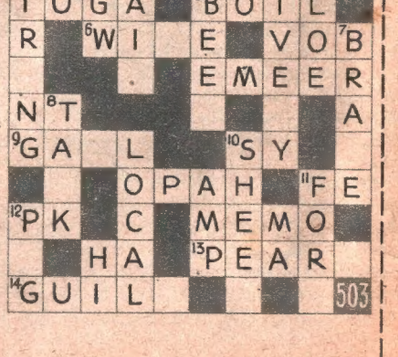
No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....



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